



saadman & sabiresh

QUIRKY QUIPS
The hippopotamus

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Concept generation

Sabishesh & Saadman

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Reader discretion is advised, as humour is subjective and may not appeal to everyone.

Through humorous tales and crazy situations, the book aims to capture the silliness and chaos of their everyday lives in their class, ever called VII-A.

Readers should be prepared for a rollercoaster ride of laughter and may find themselves in stitches from the hilarious scenarios portrayed within these pages. However, it's important to note that this book is not suitable for individuals under the age of 12 due to its content and language.

To Rafsan

In dedicating this book to our dear friend Rafsan, we honour the unwavering support, laughter, and camaraderie he brought into our lives. His friendship has been a guiding light, turning the challenges we faced into humorous anecdotes that now fill these pages. May this dedication reflect the joy he brought to our journey and inspire others to find laughter even in the face of academic trials. Here's to Rafsan – the heartbeat of our shared hilarity and the cornerstone of this tale.

With laughter and gratitude,

—*Saadman and Sabisesh*

About The Book:

When they moved up to class 7, they were thrilled to find out they were in the same class. They knew that facing the school year together would be much better than going it alone, especially since they didn't really click with anyone else in the class. Everyone in the class appears to be a hippo, ruining everything. This turns out to be the true disaster. Chaos doesn't happen every day, but in their class, it does. Saadman and Sabishes decided to make the best of it. They believe in living life with a sense of humour, which they call "stupidism." They embarked on a new journey, navigating this class with a book of jokes and madness. Let's see if they can survive or if they'll end up merely playing games with destiny. Armed with bravery, brains, and a bond thicker than peanut butter, will they beat the odds?

So, sit back, relax, and prepare yourself for a wild journey into the world of Sabishes and Saadman. But remember, laughter is guaranteed, and a side effect of reading this book may be an inability to stop giggling uncontrollably. Enjoy!

[Sabishesh enters]

We weren't on the same page to write a book full of nonsense. But Saadman eventually acquiesced to the idea. Speaking about his idea, it was that: we'd share our books within our friends' circle and get paid for their readership. Later we'll prosper in life as the "Great Writers".



And number 2, it will come in handy when we grow up and have kids .Then we will show them our books and tell how we used to live back then. Concomitantly we will bask in the glory of our intellectual achievements.



Well, Saadman insisted on making it and there was no way to turn it down, but I admit it didn't seem like an extremely bad idea to me, though.

This epic latent idea emerged when we got to this grade, and for quite a while now, as the fog has lifted, we have discovered that this is not an ordinary class. As I am calling it somewhat peculiar, the worst you can consider is that monkeys are scaling railings and hippos are eating benches. However, my dear friend, everything is exactly as you imagine here.



We initially presumed it was a fortress of brilliance, but we soon learned the number was limited to fifteen. Everyone in this class carries an evil within them, mitigating the chances of getting out of here alive. I'm not sure if we pass this grade or if our gravestones will represent how horrific it was to be stuck with genuine creatures. What sort of front-forward ass is this? I have to spend over 5,000 a month to share the classroom with beasts. Every school should meticulously evaluate the kids it admits. In that case, I'm not sure if I could have made it to this school either.



God decided it wasn't enough for us to remain in this kind of class; he wanted to know how much strength we had in our backs to deal with such an extra family pack bonus problem to pull off. It feels like someone is sticking their finger into my buttock.



To put our buttocks to the test, he sent NM sir to be our class teacher, expending more ways to get fucked up. NM Sir seemed uninvolved, but he proved to be a tricky figure. In June, he considered our

close friendship a distraction to the class. To deal with such a problem, NM Sir implemented a detailed seating plan that disconnected us from each other. I was put on the first bench while Saadman was on the other side of the classroom. It was this far that, at a point, we started talking with hand signals. However, it all ended up the wrong way.



Eventually, Saadman ended up with Rafsan, and I found myself with Nudrat at the front desk. Let's get it all straight: spending time together in the class with Nudrat might appear to be like spending a while in heaven in the first place. But what makes the circumstances detrimental is that after a few while sticking with her, you feel like a child trapped in a warehouse. This is quite uncomfortable, at least for me.

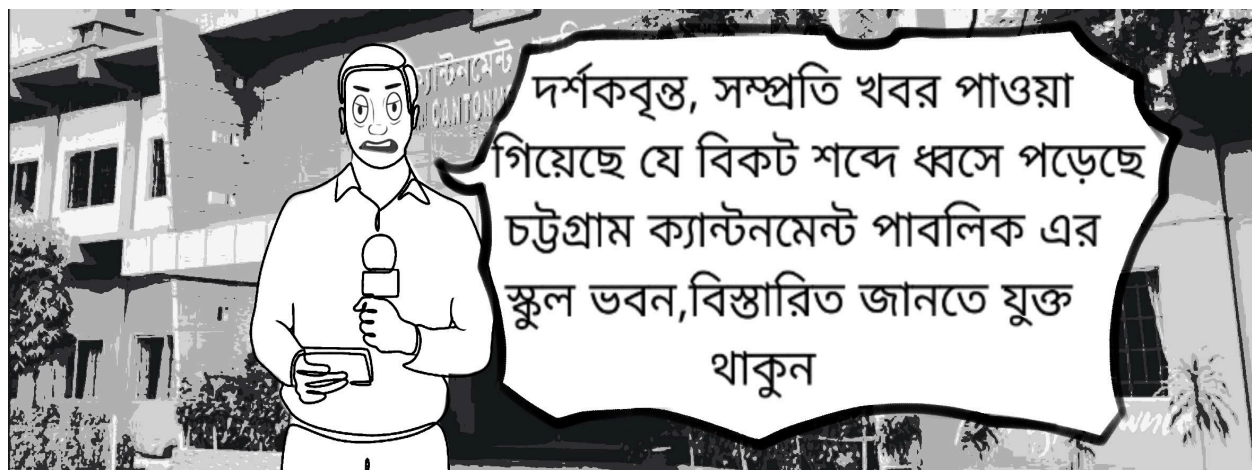


A few days before my birthday, she asked what the present should be. But then I realised my mistake - I was considering "anything." From a reliable source, I found out that she was preparing to give me a "BRA." Now, let's face it, would I put it on my ass? Because that's the only place on my entire body where it would fit.

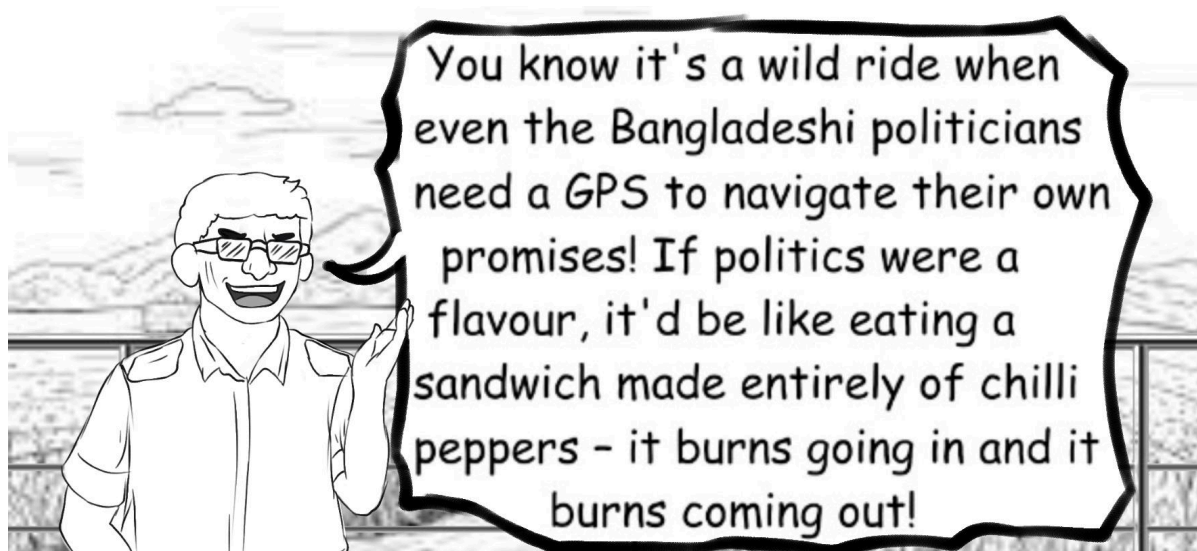


Even though Nudrat is unlikely, she is capable of turning anyone on in a minute. While some classmates may come across as jerks, individuals like Sarah and

Safwan stand out for his intelligence. Safwan, for instance, is pretty much flawless, excluding his singing skills.



I used to think smart people weren't chameleons; who change colour. But Safwan proved me wrong. He's like a master of disguise, adapting his personality depending on who he's talking to. It's like he's got a whole different vibe for smart folks.



To get through all of these difficulties and escape the worst reality of this extremely ridiculous class,

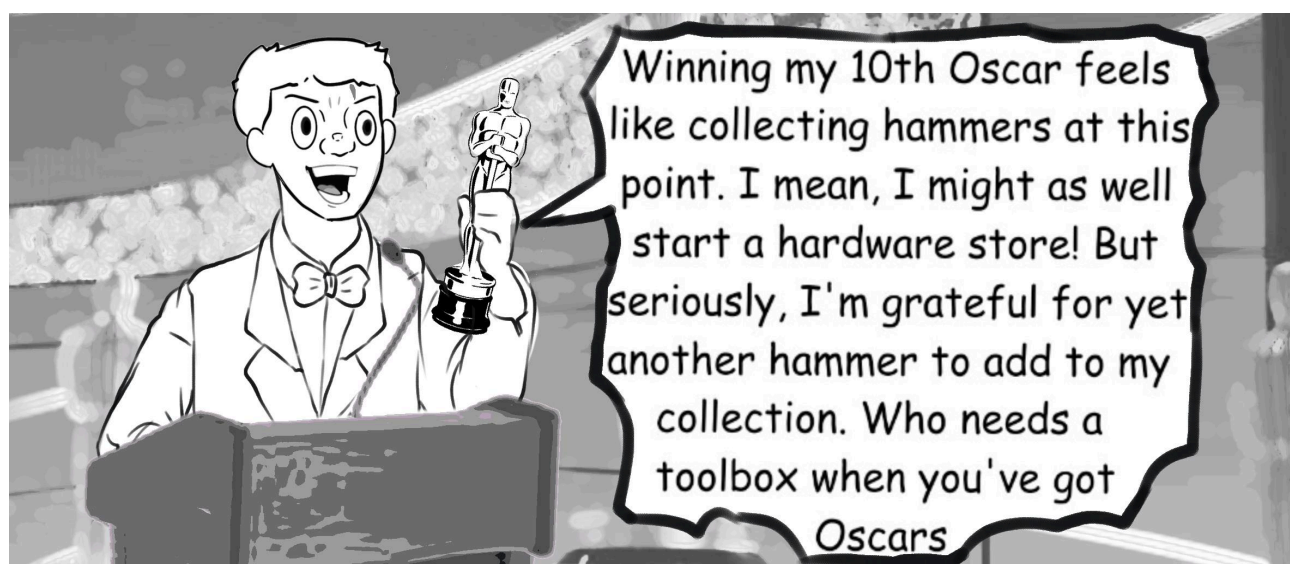
we decided to become involved in something productive and synchronise our efforts. I still call up when we're arguing about theoretical scenarios if girls hadn't existed. We fell in with each other's opinions.



Throughout history, each generation has its own unique way of approaching life, leisure, and social interactions. Grown-ups are always talking about the good old days and how they used to do things for fun. However, as time progresses, each new generation brings its own set of customs, trends, and innovations. My generation comes up with unconventional ideas, Saadman and I are hooked on rating girls, much like today's generation.



We have our own world of imagination, where anything is possible. While people often think about good things, our minds are filled with unique and exhilarating ideas. It's up to us. If we were directors, we might have won more than 10 Oscars for our imaginative concepts.



Indeed, our imagination powers could fail Christopher Nolan's science fiction. In my view,

there are no boundaries to imagination; it can be anything that motivates us to develop great theories.

The other day, I came up with this paradox: on such a long table, one side would be dedicated to a cake, while the other would be my dick. So now, one has to put their mouth on one side and their butt on the other. It is up to you which one you choose. If you put your mouth on the cake, my penis will greet your ass as it enters. If you decide to splatter the butt on the cake, you will eventually have to suck on my dick.



Everyone praises people who come up with new ideas or try something different. But since my forehead is worn out, this is not the same as me.

For a while now, it's like, everywhere I go or do something, it's to ruin my reputation. So, for my miserly luck, I cannot coordinate with such things. Consequently, my parents aren't tremendously optimistic about me. God knows what they think about me.



My luck has a terrible reputation; whenever I do something wrong, my unimaginable luck kicks in every time. Even for minor things, everyone seems bothered, which is quite noticeable.

[She is Kamala,my girlfriend]



So far, the aforementioned scenarios have not been very well simulated. Every day brings new opportunities to publicly peddle my prestige rather than revitalise it. To do so, another guy called Adib appeared in our section. Adib, has been very serious about testing out new pop-up messages on us. And I don't know why, but I love

it—it feels more relaxing than sleeping for ten days straight. But there's a catch that spoils everything. To feel the spine spring up, the male must pull your body towards him from the rear. It's awkward when a guy does this, yet it's way more relaxing.



I'm uncertain what made me do that, but, in a moment of madness, I decide Saadman needs to experience this spine-tingling sensation, which I shouldn't have done. So I tested it on him. However, he was uncomfortable approaching a guy from behind, which is a fair enough reason. We sneak into the guys' restroom to avoid any eyebrow-raising.



I would rather crash my face on a brick, because what comes next is undoubtedly worse than that. To mess with my reputation, a senior extemporaneously strolls into the washroom from

nowhere, and seeing us make this sort of gesture, with Saadman moaning like a whore, that guy implicitly thought of us doing something really nasty.



A few months ago, on a seemingly ordinary day, we were feeling quite low in spirits. However, the two of us friends always spurned the idea of leaving that school without having any fun or making any mess. We thought of doing something massive in the restroom, since we had done some historical things there before. Without any delay, we headed to the restroom. Once we got there, to spice things up, we started making nasty moans and clapping, as if we were doing something inappropriate or offensive there.



Due to our bad luck, a teacher found those noises suspicious, and all of a sudden, he appeared out of nowhere, like a mosquito.



Before he could start causing trouble, we took off. To this day, I still wonder what was going through his mind at that time. In my opinion, he would rather forget about it and not bother with us.



The current issue is his behaviour towards us. He becomes overly hyper whenever he sees us, he gets all sticky with a disapproval on his face.

[Saadman enters]

Not gonna lie, Sabisesh is a crucial part of my life. I can't express how dull my class is—everyone's like zombies. If I crack a joke, I have to explain it for 10 minutes.



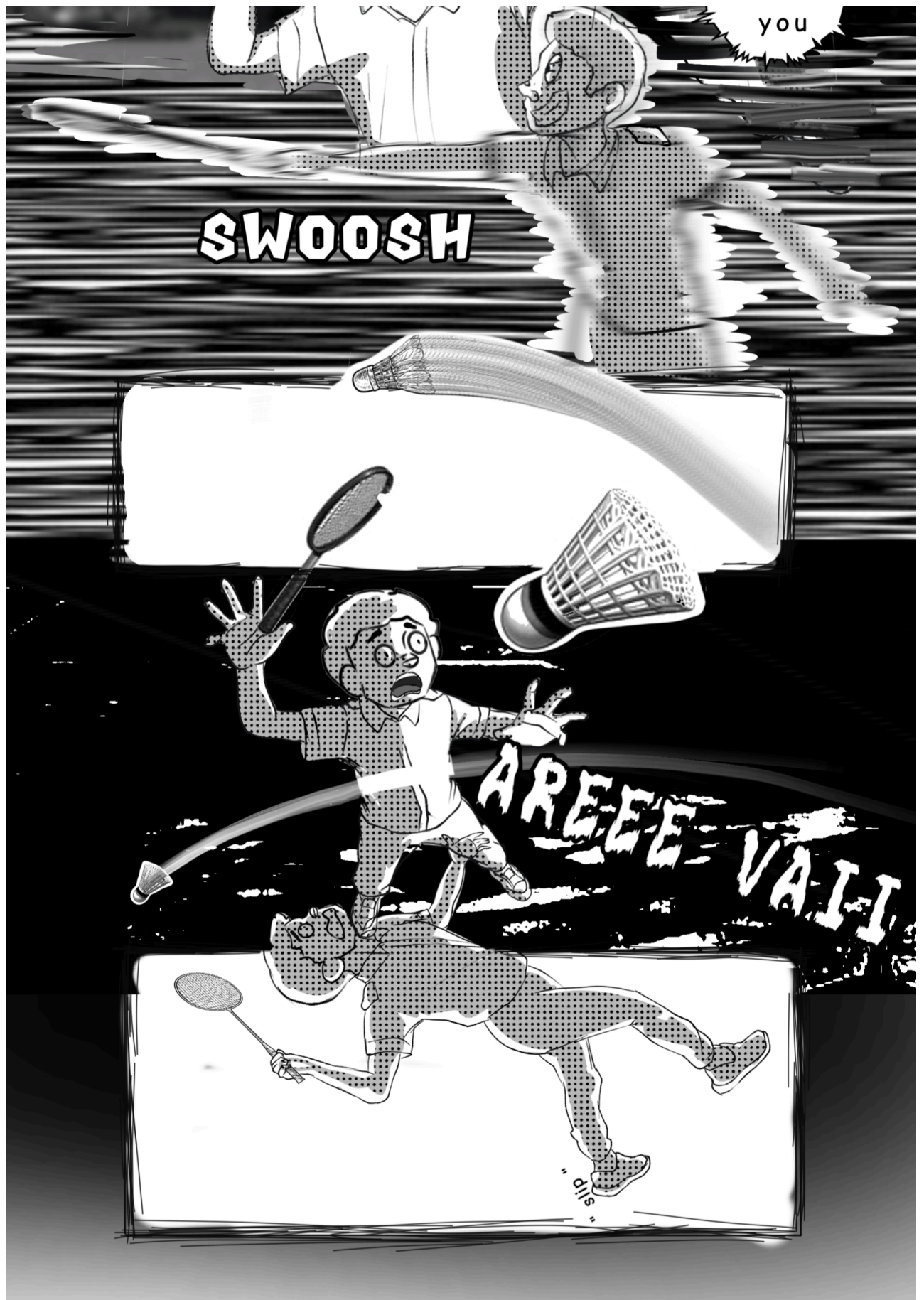


Sabisesh is the only one who gets me; his mind is like mine. That makes it easy to survive in this typical environment. We're forever in our own world, just doing our thing in class without a care for what others are doing in the class.



Sabisesh and I have this thing where we click really well when we hang out together. We've got great chemistry, you know? But there's this one thing we're not so great at anymore - playing badminton. Nowadays, when we play together, it's like we forgot how to play altogether. It's like, if someone were to watch us, their eyes would start bleeding. We've tried to figure out what's going wrong, but it's like a mystery we can't solve.





Once upon a time we used to play badminton like professionals. It's not like we play really bad, but we can't figure out why we play so badly when we team up lately.



I think it's because of two things: girls and the God of Wind.

One time, Sabisesh and I were heading home after playing football when we spotted two girls playing badminton. Suddenly, our playful Johnny Sins mood turned on. However, a dilemma arose because one girl was considered hot, and the other was not as much (for humour only; I don't judge

based on appearances). To decide who would play with the hot one, Sabisesh and I played rock-paper-scissors, and I ended up paired with the not-so-hot girl.

So we started playing with the girls and they played so badly that it had affected us just by watching them. It felt like a witch had cursed us leading to our bad performance.



In every winter, there are two girls named Tisha and Priti who used to play badminton. One winter day, as we were playing badminton on the ground, we noticed Tisha and Priti playing too. We thought

it would be great if we teamed up and played with them.

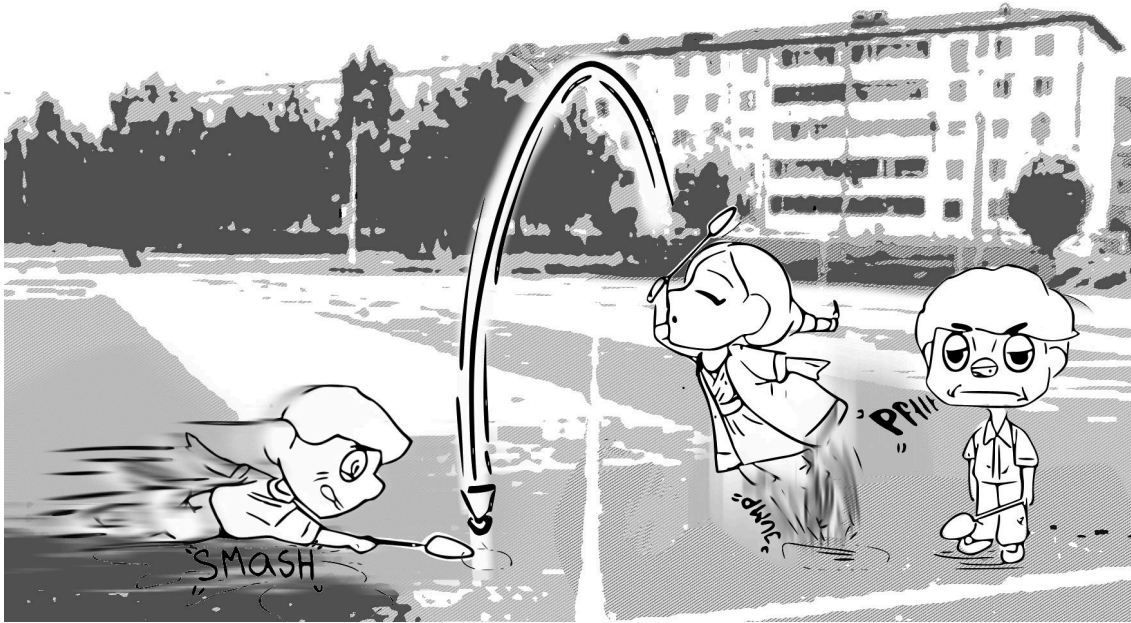
Once, we thought of peeing from the hillside of our school. But Oh my goodness, I think playing badminton with those girls was the worst decision we had ever made in our entire lives.



I was teamed up with Priti, and Sabishesh was on the other side with Tisha. However, when we started playing, it didn't take long to figure out what we were stuck with. The way they were hitting the shuttlecock, it wasn't even supposed to cross the line.



I mean, they were so unfit that Sabishesh and I had to come close to the line to hit the shuttlecock because somehow, even if the cork crossed the line, it was still 1-2 feet away from it. So, we wasted our next one hour just going back and forth more than 100 times.



Also, whenever we play, the wind suddenly starts to mess with us. While it might be piping hot the rest of the day, when we play badminton, a huge tornado decides to pass by.



Our badminton rackets seem to have some magical powers. Wherever we go, somebody ends up playing with our rackets and won't leave until they've satisfied their desire. At that point, we have to transform into hijras asking for our rackets.



I first met Sabisesh in class 6; an innocent guy in a black jacket. But, the more innocent he looks, the more badass he is inside. In reality, he's the most negative and idiotic person I've ever seen, with very bad habits except smoking, vaping, and drinking. I admit I'm no exception.



Class 6 was great; we had a gang, cracked jokes all the time, and no one had a girlfriend. Then came class 7, we ended up in different sections, and I got stuck with Sabisesh. Everything was fine until June when NM sir separated us, claiming we were talking too much and spoiling the class.

During the class:



Now, I'm stuck with Rafsan, our other best friend. Everything's good, he's funny, but he doesn't understand my jokes like Sabisesh does.

Throughout the year, Sabisesh, Rafsan, and I did many stupid things, from creating a trio dance to a threesome.



Yes, we were considered a real threat to the education board. Maybe they had a plan or a goal in mind, and trying to catch us was part of it.



One of the stupidest things we did was decide not to talk to any girls throughout the entire day. It randomly appeared in our brain.



The rules were simple: if you talked to a girl, you'd get slapped, and the more you talked, the more you'd get slapped.

Me and Sabisesh were 10 centimeters away from the girls' line, while Rafsan was two miles away. This challenge was easier said than done. I got slapped 8 times, Sabisesh twice, and Rafsan none because he showed honesty. They added a rule that says if you talk with girls and confess before anyone catches you, you won't get any slaps. So Sabisesh did this trick and talked to a girl all day.



It took me two weeks to complete all the slaps.



Honestly, the challenge should have been the one who talks the most will get the consequences. Then Rafsan and Sabisesh would have done it happily.



Eva made this challenge very hard because whenever she did or said something stupid, we

couldn't even curse her. I lost most of the time because I wanted to curse Eva. She really gets on everyone's nerves.



Once, Eva asked me, "Why do you enjoy watching football?" Luckily, she only asked me this question. If she had asked Sabisesh or Ayaat, I swear they would have zapped her so fast, she'd think she caught a lightning bolt! I mean, talking about football with those two is like asking a cat about its favourite fish - you better be ready for some serious business!



Sabishes and I are trying to figure out how to curse Eva, how to annoy her. We went deep into research while Rafsan is sitting with his legs in the air.

I swear we should have broken his legs too, to avoid getting slapped by your best friends who would show no mercy. We were ignoring the girls, but Eva's involvement made it prove difficult, so we started using hand signs. The only problem was we didn't know anything about hand signs, except for the classic old middle finger. The hand sign didn't work out too well for us; the people around

us thought we were having a seizure or something. But we still didn't give up and tried to use hand signs.



Mostly, we made a hole in one hand and inserted it with the middle finger in the other hand, trying to convey, 'tor ma kalke amar shate chudcilo.' But that didn't work, and Sarah misunderstood, avoiding me and Sabisesh for the rest of the day. Still, we didn't give up.

We thought long and hard, and eventually, we figured it out. And finally, we got it ourselves. Eva has a huge number of bad habits. For example, playing with her hair. I still don't understand why

she does that. From a certain source, I learned that women play with their hair when they are turned on by someone. Does that mean Eva is turned on the whole time? I've even seen Eva play with her hair when she is talking to NM Sir. Does that mean she is turned on by NM Sir? Putting my own thoughts aside.



Sabisesh, Rafsan, and I decided to mimic this bad habit to annoy her. And it worked like black magic. She didn't even dare to speak with us. And we still do this to annoy her to this day. Now you may ask us, why do we do this? Why do we annoy Eva? It is

one of the things we will never know. It's like asking, 'Do aliens exist?' or asking, 'What is flatter, a plate or Eva's brain?

[Sabishesh enters]

Look, we both are really conscious about our future. Speaking about Saadman, is all serious about saving lives and getting those fat paychecks. Meanwhile, the rest of us guys just want a low-stress employment with high earning potential. Girls love it because they pensive about making people happy. But let's be real, it's about respect and that monthly money shower.

Pov:Dr. Saadman



On the other hand, us guys are seeking positions offering substantial remuneration with minimal effort, conversely Saadman is sticking to his dumb idea. I'm gonna be an artist because in that field, it's effortless to make money by selling paintings. That way I wouldn't have to toil for money. So, I must go for that.



I have always wanted to be a business partner with Saadman, and though I have a plenty of great business ideas. One of those is to build a farm. A few months back, I insisted on Saadman to instigate this business. We will have a garage used to keep our goats and cows. First, we roll in with

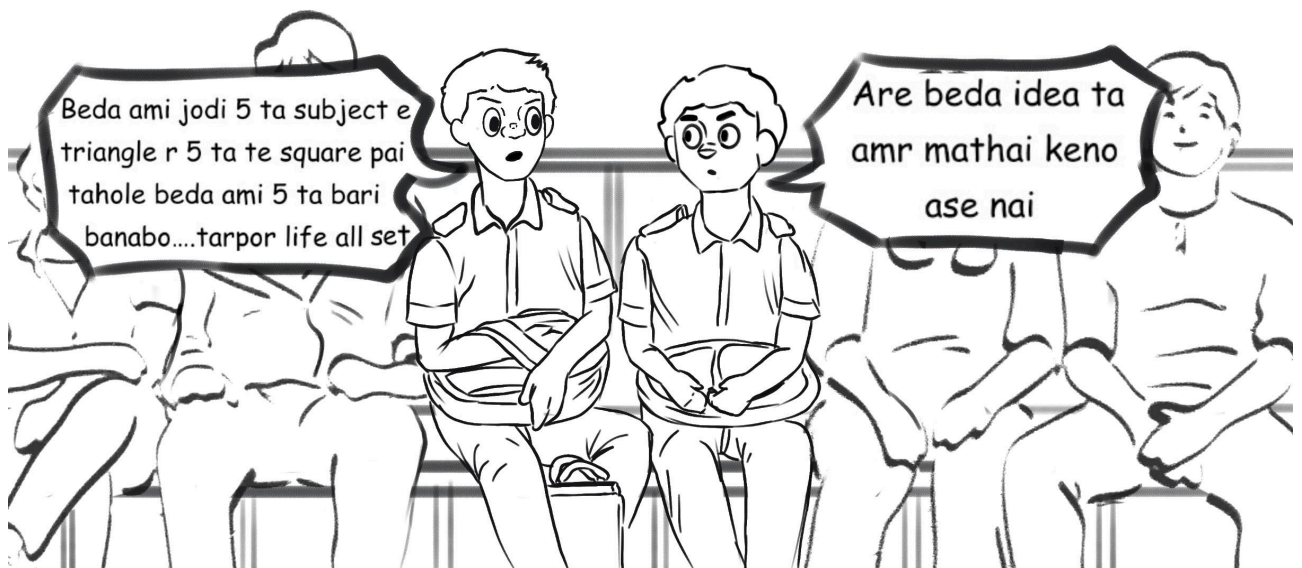
on a cycle, selling our goat's magical 40/60 milk-water mix.



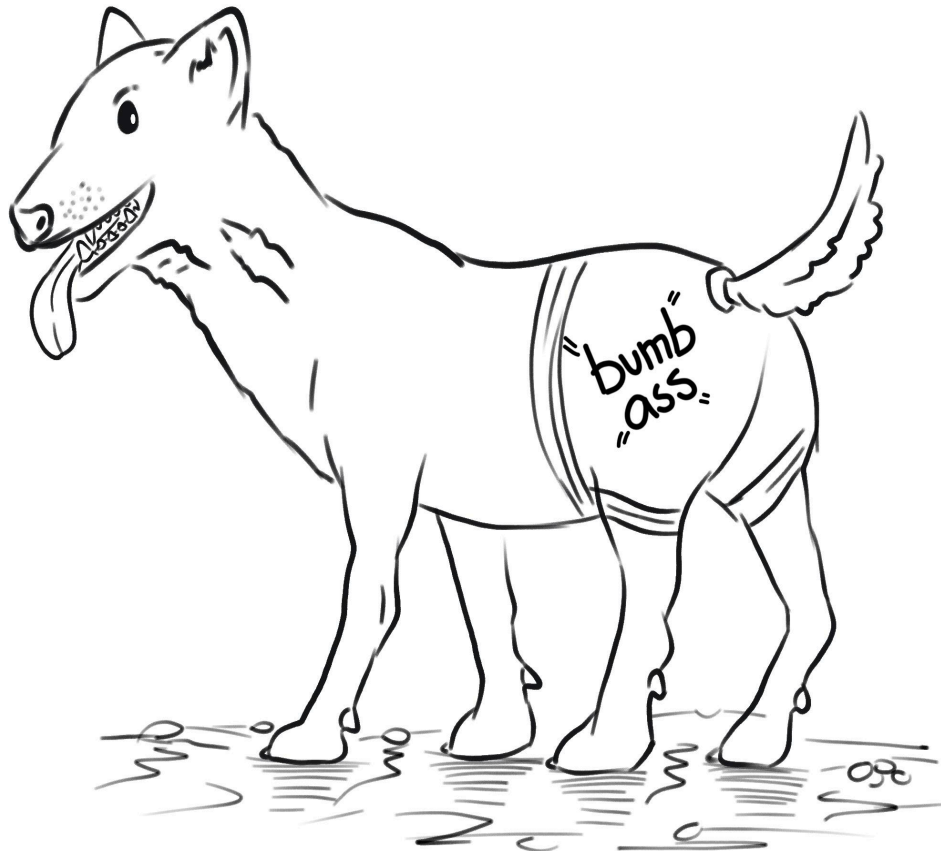
My strategic business strategies have great potential. While Sadman isn't willing to cooperate with me, this could be a symptom of his idolatry. So I don't need a sleeping partner. I have to make some drastic changes to build my personality. My instinct tells me to come up with a strong feature gesture that will help me cultivate my objectives.



And if exams don't go well, I've got alternative pathways- always stay one step ahead!



Saadman is more of a casual friend in our group. He sees life from a different angle. Not about his appearance; it is fixed by the Almighty.



He told me that during the week he spent at his cousin's place a few days earlier, he hadn't thrown up. It may not seem significant. He explains that he doesn't want other people to realise that his poop creates those "splash" noises when it strikes the water. I am telling you that the neighbours will have to listen to its dreadful music when the backlog opens.

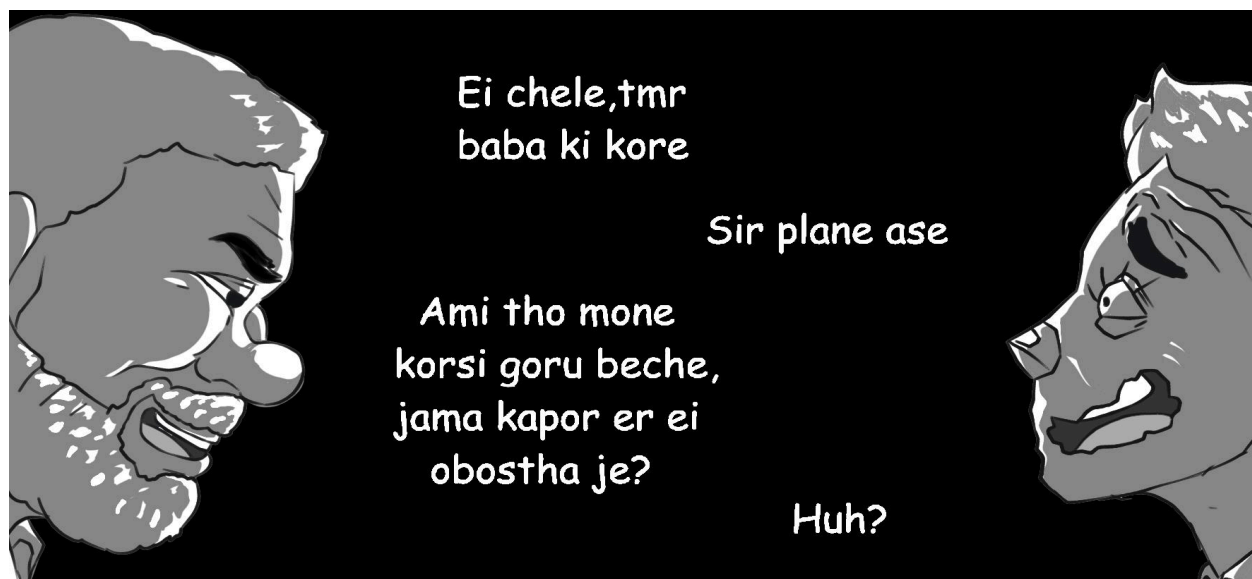
After 7 days:



He used to be an introvert until I came along. There is a well-known tale from class seven that is, depending on your perspective, either slightly silly or fascinating. I completed the majority of them But the thing that makes him the most unappreciated celebrity of class 7 is his story of hash and butt.

Saadman is a freak for volleyball; He formed a team and used to play on our volleyball court, which is located on one side of the field. One

regular tiffin period was going on. Compared to football, volleyball requires less physical activity, yet players still need to move sometimes. Saadman is a guy with a dad running a travel agency, has a fashion sense as dull as dishwater.



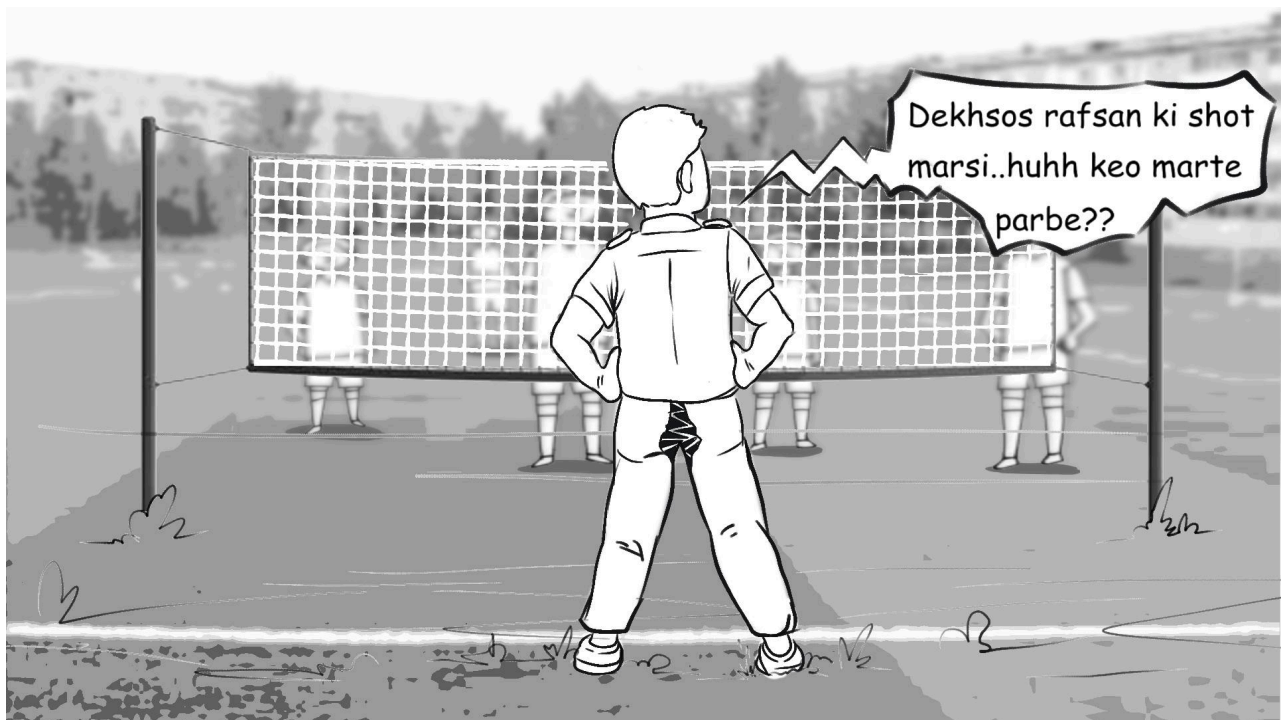
His pants don't fit; they are tighter than regular. Let me tell you, Saadman isn't even concerned about how his clothing appears.

Saadman is the star player on his squad, consequently he must move the most. However, once the volleyball was in Saadman's possession, he needed to hit in order to make a shot. Saadman forced his knee and the lower half of his body downwards to hit the ball as it came down. When

he went for it, his stingy pants ripped down the centre.

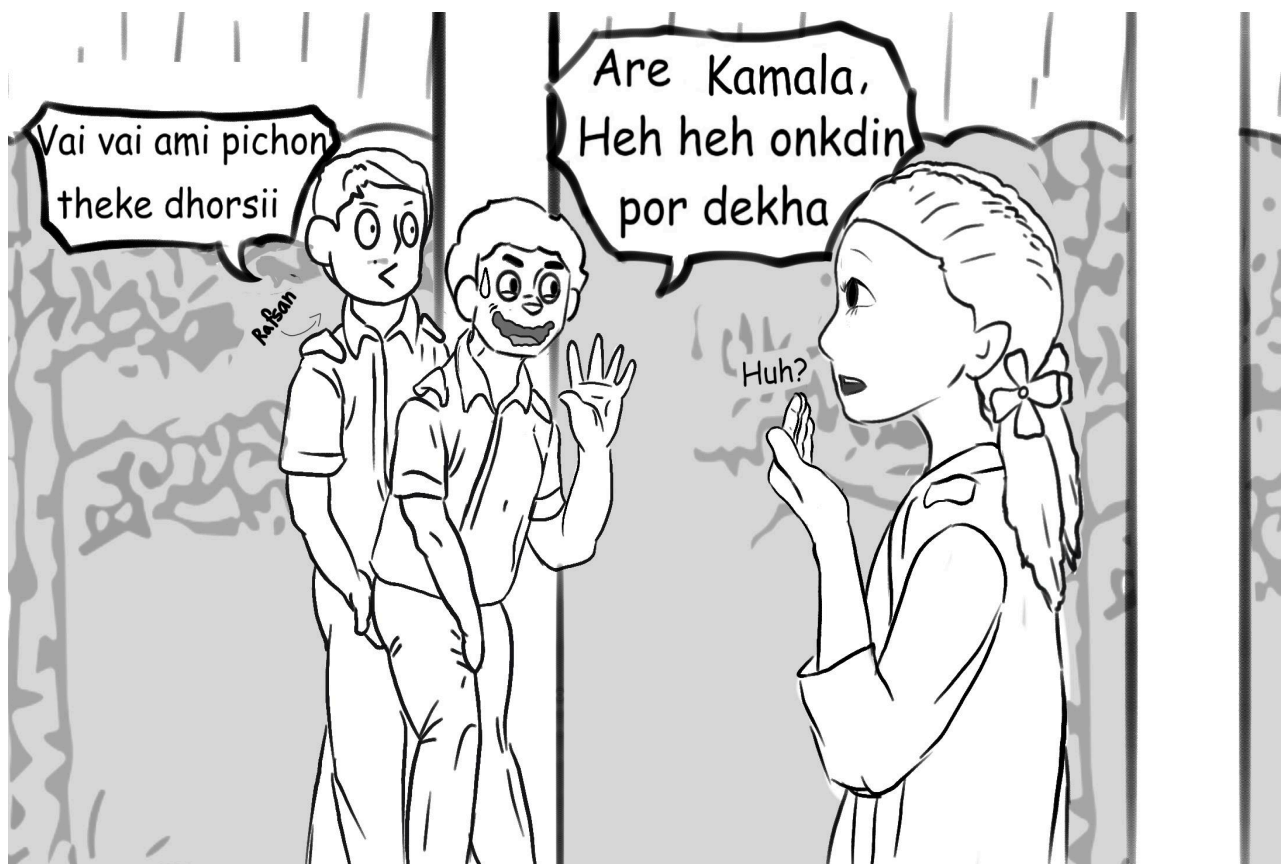


The tear was so large that everyone witnessed it from front to back.



It was only until Rafsan yelled out that he had seen hairy blackberries that Saadman initially realised what had come about.

There's this guy called Fahim, and I admit that the same sort of stuff happens with him every month because he plays karate. So he is used to having spare pants in his bag. Thankfully, Fahim was with Saadman that day. Saadman made his way to the washroom to change his pants. On the way to the washroom, my girlfriend, Kamala spotted him.



And from that, the incident prevailed throughout the entire school within a minute. After school, everyone was in a rush to ask Saadman about it.



I don't know why Saadman seems to be living the underwear-free life. It's like boxers and briefs are just useless for him until his pants get ripped. The hanging-hut situation got hilariously out of hand. When I asked him why he explained that day the wind had carried his pants off the balcony where he had hung them to dry. So he didn't have any and had to borrow them from his brother. He

also admits that it's not easy to do that most of the time.



What makes his stingy outfit more exhilarating is the way he wears the belt. You can literally fit three hands in the gap. There's a 6-metre gap between his hip and the belt. It's like he's not wearing it at all. The only reason he wears a belt is to follow the rules, even though there are holes in it. It can't seem to get close. He always says it

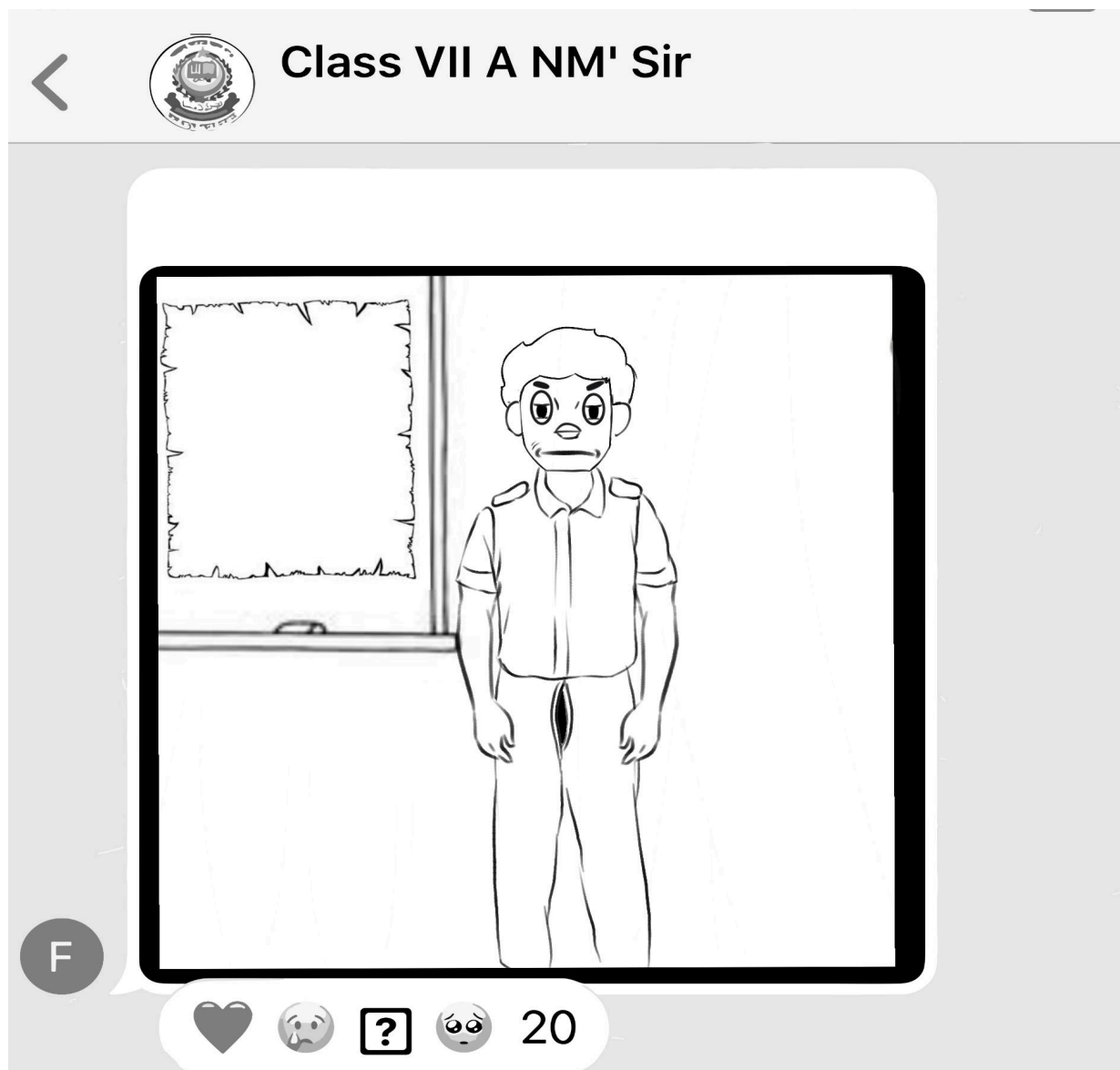
costed him 1800, claiming it's expensive. But looking at his belt, it doesn't seem to be the case.



The daily struggle with his outfit is he forgets to zip up his fly every single time. Rafsan and I turned it into a sport, enticing it.



One day, we had a presentation in the science class, and the teacher was taking photos of every group with their posters. After school, when we checked our WhatsApp, the teacher had shared those photos in the group. After we swiped right and saw Saadman's group photo, we found him with his fly opening, giving us a photo of Saadman and his "sword" on display.



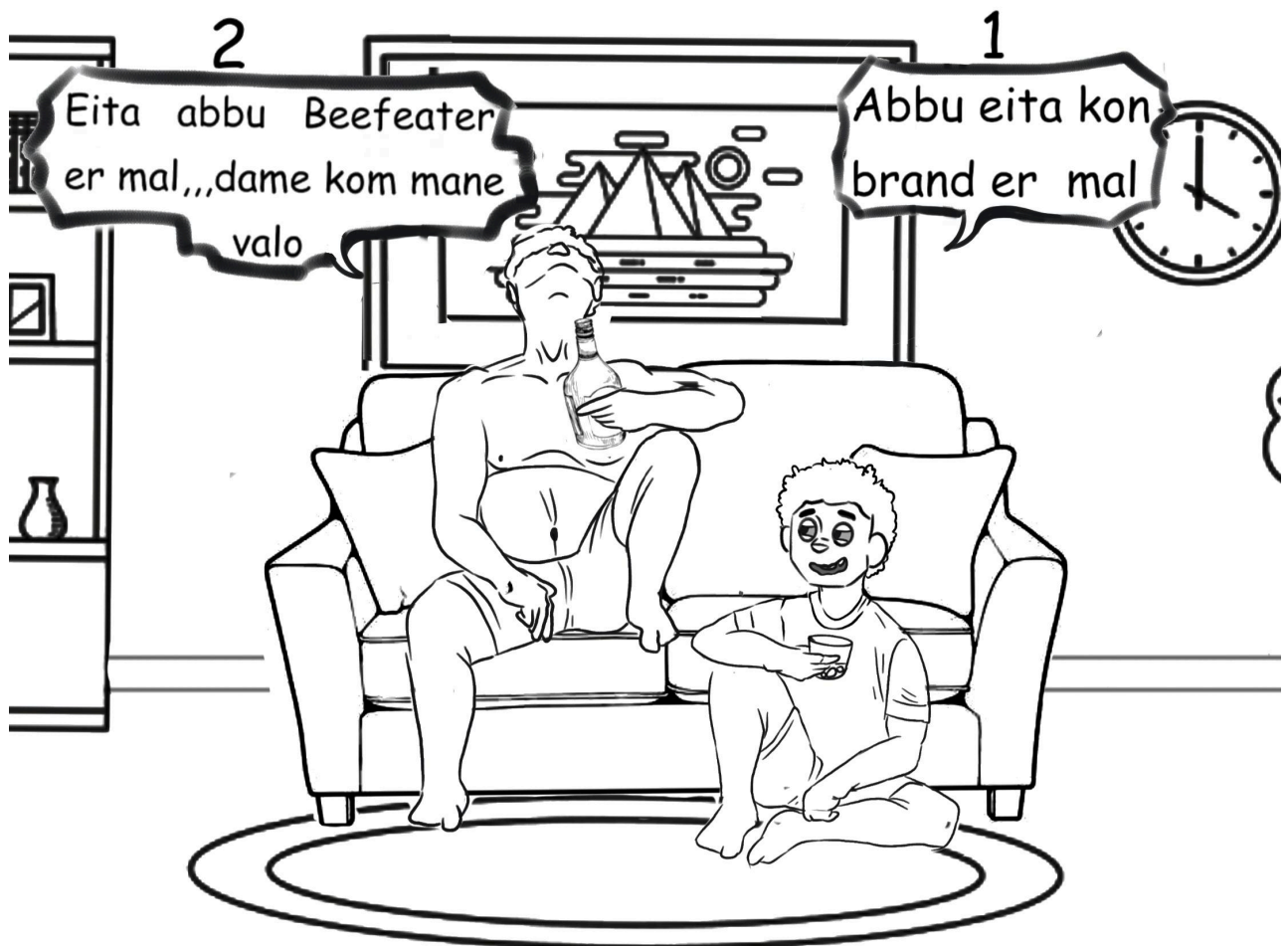
Now, when it comes to families, most Bangladeshi families are like a cultural love fest, but the Chowdhury family is somewhat out of touch with societal norms. In other families, moms and dads are on the wrong foot with their children about drinking and other sorts of stuff. Though Saadman's parents take it to a whole new level—they're the alcohol aficionados.



His mom and dad really think that their sons are none of their business. When they went on an India trip, Saadman thought that it was their 2nd honeymoon, and Saadman was going to have another sibling.



Like, how would the moment be when they are drinking and ask Saadman to join the party? It must be the origin of a serial killer.



What makes his family really unconventional is the perfect rivalry between him and his elder brother Sadril. Saadman turns out to be the evil character when it comes to his brothers.

Once he told me he had a big fight with his brother and rushed out in a very bad temper.

He watches motivational videos that said to let your anger out, so he grabbed his brother's toothbrush as a medium to let his anger out.

Initially, he went to the bathroom and dipped the toothbrush into the toilet, and then came back and placed it where it belonged.



When his brother brushed his mouth, it tasted a little bit different, and that was obvious. And what would you expect from a toothbrush that was dipped in the toilet? And to this day his brother had never got to know this.



[Saadman enters]

Everybody has dads with unique personalities. Some people, like me, have daddy issues. Others, like Kamala, have sugar daddies like Sabisesh.



Some people's dads haven't come back yet with the milk, but Sabisesh's dad is rather fearsome.

He has this look in his eyes, as if he's loudly saying, 'You are a mistake.'



One time, Sabisesh was playing football, and his father was waiting for him. I think he waited too long because he looks like he will erase Sabisesh's identity from the world. Sabisesh begged me to go with him so he wouldn't get killed early, but it was so hard to walk with Sabisesh with his father giving us a death stare from the back. Even in these serious moments, we were joking about where to bury him if he were killed by his father.



The last words of Sabisesh were 'daddies never die,' pretty iconic if I do say so myself.

All of Sabisesh's family members are different from each other. The only thing they all have in common is that they don't know English. It was like a curse on them. However, Sabisesh was the one who broke this curse. He was a pure Bengali, listening to Bangla music, speaking in Bangla, cursing in Bangla, and even watching movies dubbed in Bangla until kamala came into his life and changed the language settings. His girlfriend was in the English version, so, not to get embarrassed by not knowing English, he decided to finally learn it for the sake of his love. Sabisesh went on a quest to conquer the English language

armed with a textbook, battling through grammar and pronunciations.

Even after months of preparation, he still messed up while speaking in front of his girlfriend due to nervousness, although he is fluent in English in front of me. Beyond Kamala, he started speaking one word at a time with a 5-second gap between each word.



Sabishes's father also got scammed by English. One time, Sabishes's father got a promotion, so to look all thug, he decided to ditch his old phone from 1980 and buy a new one. However, the phone seller showed him an iPhone, presenting it in such a

way that it felt like Steve Jobs was explaining the features himself.



A normal iPhone 6 price here is 10,000 taka; it can be more or less. But the seller sold it for 30,000 taka. I don't know how drunk Sabishes's father was, but if he had bought it, he must have drunk the whole bar.

After Sabishes's father realised it wasn't the perfect phone for him, he gave it to Sabishes. Now it's the most valuable thing he has in his house. But instead of protecting it, he was flexing around with no cover, playing football with it, and whatnot.



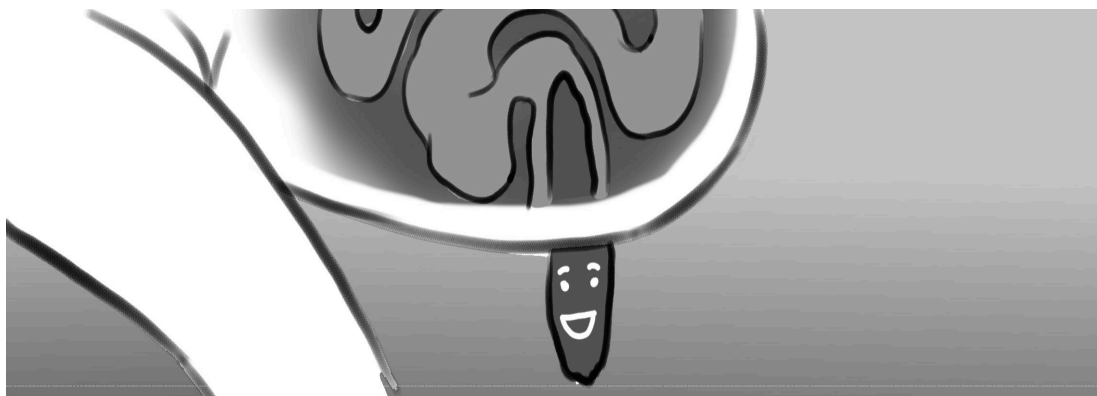
I am a very shy person. Whenever I visit somewhere, I find it awkward to use the washroom because I feel weird when noise escapes while I'm in there. That's why I've always wanted to have a soundproof door. A similar situation happened to my friend Sabisesh when he was visiting his grandparents' home. He had gone many days without drinking water, and his stomach had become hard, showing signs that he had to go to the restroom.



Sabisesh embarked on an epic morning quest. And from that moment, the great battle between Sabisesh and his digestion began. Several hours passed, and when all hope seemed lost, then a miracle happened.



However, the fight was not over yet; it was only the halfway point of the shit, what the full piece looked like. Sabisesh kept on fighting, and when he felt he couldn't endure any longer, he wanted to put his hand down his rear to pull it out himself.





Then, his entire life flashed before his eyes, and he remembered he still owed a lot of money.

Motivated by this realisation, he pushed harder, and finally, the battle was complete. Later on, this battle was known as the 'Adventures in the Loo: A Tale of Two Halves.

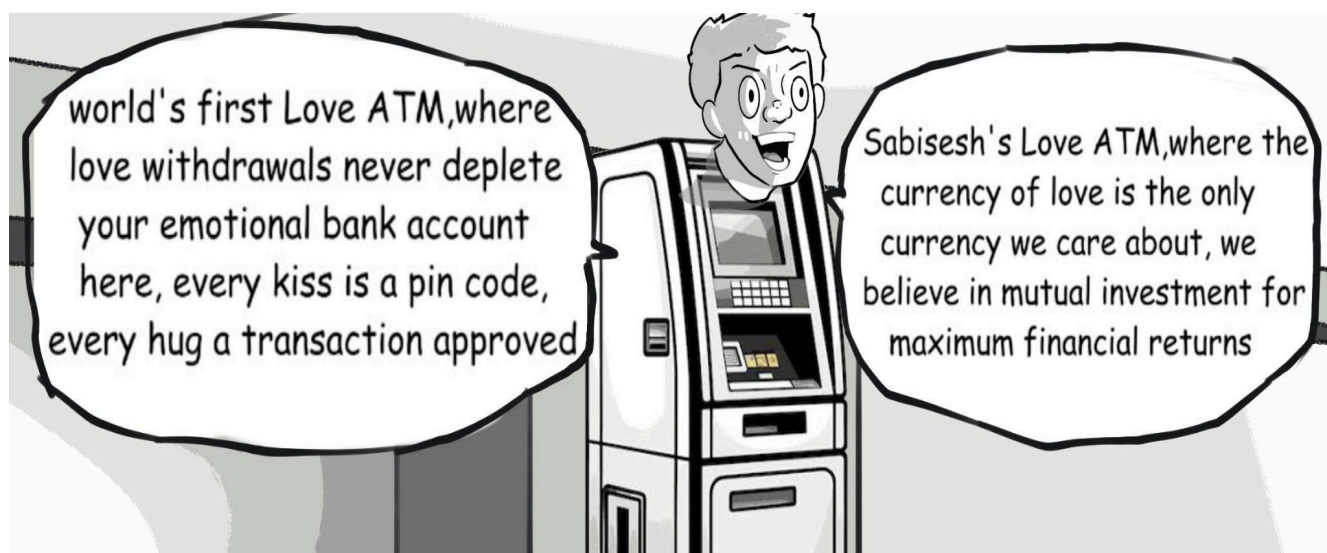


Now, I heard that Sabisesh is going to an all-boys school; all hope is lost. Only 2% of boys come out as straight people. I can already imagine how it will be when Sabisesh goes to the boys' school - I mean, the gay school.

It's all because of Sabisesh's mom's fault. Because of her, Sabisesh is going to a gay school. I swear, if I meet that woman, I'm going to lock her in a room with Eva and Fahad. That is the worst punishment anyone could get.



Sabisesh's love life basically works like an ATM machine. Kamala inserts a card of love, and Sabisesh gives money, gifts, chocolates, etc.



I've tried to explain to Sabishes thousands of times that it's not worth it, but he won't budge. He thinks he gets respect from others, but the real thing is, no matter what he does, he's still an ugly guy with great football skills.



In my opinion, there were many clues for Sabishes from God to break up with Kamala. For example, the time Kamala was holding his classmate's hands while walking. This was a clear sign, but

Sabisesh is not man enough to break up with her.



Even God is tired of sending all these clues. In Kamala's defence, she said her friend's arm was broken, that's why she was holding it.

When Rafsan's hand was broken, no girl even said "aww, that is awful." They just said, "I wish the other hand was broken too." Well, we can't blame them. That's just how Rafsan treats them.



After hearing what Kamala said, I advised Sabishes to say his private part was also broken—who knows, maybe lady luck would have shined for him that time.



If anyone else were in a relationship with Kamala, they would likely break up within one or two months due to the expenses. However, Sabishes, with a big wallet, managed to maintain the relationship for a whole ten months.

I know it's hard to accept, but in terms of cash, Sabishes has the most of it. Sabishes earns pretty well from his arts, but most of his money goes to buying chocolate, flowers, gifts, etc. If he had saved all of this money, he could have

been a billionaire. He spends money on his girlfriend like she's the only girl left for him.

He always keeps 500 taka in his wallet. If our friends got to know about this, we would literally become predators and hunt Sabisesh.



One time for fun, us friends stole his wallet. When we opened his wallet, it was empty. Sabisesh was always one step ahead of us; he had a secret compartment in his wallet where he keeps his money.



Only I knew about this, and me being a good friend, I told them about the secret compartment, and there we hit the jackpot.

Sabisesh got so scared and begged us to give it back to him. Seeing him, it felt like we were taking his child, so we decided to give it back.

When you have friends like this, even your enemies will feel like family.

I thought having a girlfriend would help him get over his "gayness." But after having a girlfriend and spending millions, he has an actual spirit living

inside him. In one second, he's Sabisesh, but another second, he's Rabisesh and starts hitting

people. Now, you may ask how Sabisesh turns into Rabisesh. Well, when someone tells a lame joke, he immediately changes from Sabisesh to Rabisesh.



At first, it was fun to see him hit other people, but then one time I told a lame joke and it got heavy on me. To prevent further damage, Rafsan and I performed a ritual to stop this from happening, but during the ritual, Rabisesh seemed

like he was reaching orgasm, so we decided to stop.



We tried many things but did not succeed. One time, our class teacher told a lame joke, but somehow Sabisesh didn't understand the joke, so he was under control that time. At last, we decided to accept our fate, but then a miracle happened. During our classwork, Dip decided to tell a lame joke, so Sabisesh turned into Rabisesh and tried to hit Dip. But he forgot that Dip was a human who was fated to be a bull but accidentally

born as a human. He messed up and hit Sabishes instead.



Moral of the story: Don't try to mess with people who are over 8 feet tall and have the weight of a bull accidentally born as a human.

After days of discussions, the relationship that lasted for nearly a year finally came to an end. Sabishes didn't take it anymore and broke up with Kamala. It was a massive meltdown in Sabishes' life. After spending 10 months with a girl, it's hard to leave her since you have invested a lot in her. But the climate was like that, and Sabishes

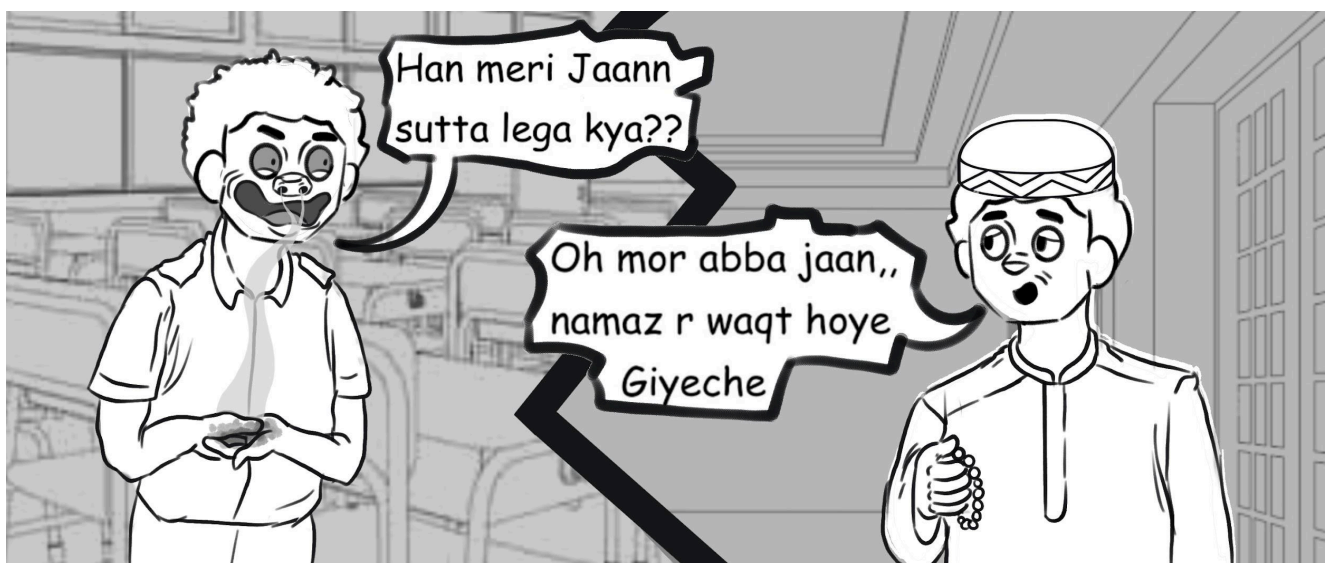
had to fight his way out. The lesson we can learn from this is: don't care about what others are saying, calm down, and make your own decisions; it's your life.

[Sabisesh enters]

In our diverse world, each person has a unique personality that makes them special. Let's take a closer look at how we perceive others. Everyone is different, and we can appreciate the special qualities and abilities that make each person stand out.

Saadman at school

Saadman at home



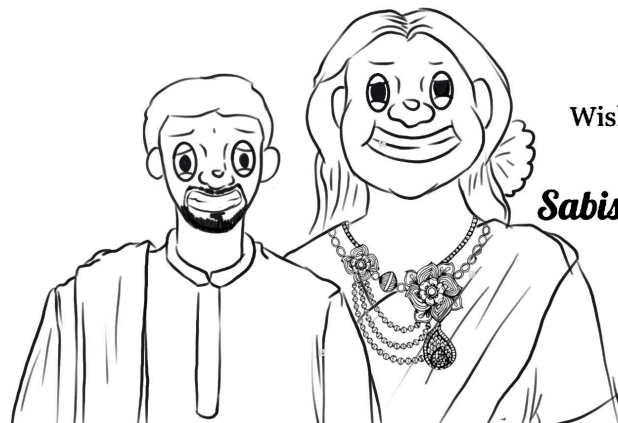
I have a brother named Sannibesh, just like Saadman does, but mine is unlike his. Ours is characterised by a blend of drama and poetry, creating a unique and notable dynamic relation between us.



The thing I consider the most in our relationship is that we're not like others; it's like we're real brothers. The idea of selling goats came from his brain. Further If he won't act as a sleeping partner, we could establish a successful company named "Nath Brothers Diary."



In his earlier school years, my brother was the tallest until 8th grade, but his growth halted at 5.5 feet. He often talks about a family curse preventing us from growing taller. Now, I'm concerned too, as my height hasn't seen any change in the past three months. On top of that, if I can't keep things on track, I will face difficulties finding a wife in the future who is the same height as me.



Wishing you a happy
married life,
Sabisesh and Kamala

His specialty lies in how he treats people and what others think about him. In my opinion, he believed he would shine in his career, as his title matched Rabindranath's. So, he clung to the idea of becoming a poet, and over time, he achieved a goal in his life that he had never imagined.



Every big brother bosses around their juniors at home. What's most interesting is how he can craft a fake story within seconds. There are plenty of intriguing stories related to my life with the commode. One that comes to mind is from 7-8 years ago when we shifted to a new apartment. The commode in my parents' bedroom was in bad condition, and we had to fix it. My mom wouldn't let me use that toilet.



But I couldn't understand the reason. My brother seized the opportunity.

One night, As I went to bed, my bro decided to cook up a wild story. He told me today when no one was at home he heard some strange sounds, like someone washing clothes with bare hands, coming from that bathroom.



Then he decided to investigate, he thought the matter was now in his own hands. He had to settle things up. By then he was off to the bathroom. But just as he touched the bathroom door lock, the electricity went out. Things got tough for him, and with utmost power when he finally opened the door, he saw a maid in a white saree. He insisted the maid was supposed to be a man. It seems he mixed things up when creating the story, possibly with LGBTQ+ references.



Next thing I knew, I was bed-bound with a fever for two days, skipping school. Moral of the story: beware of brothers armed with creative imaginations.

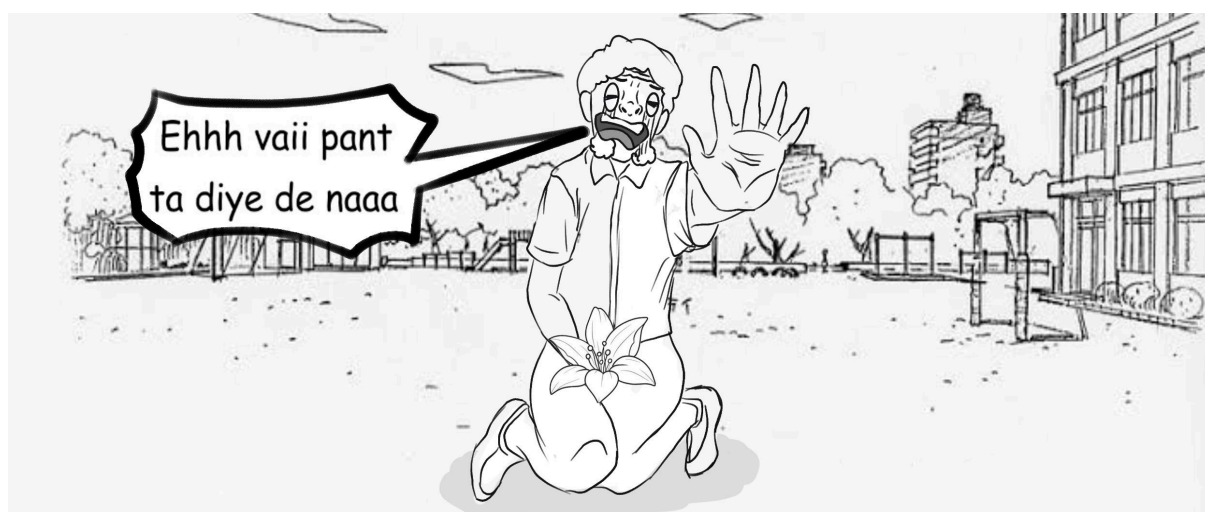
My brother has done a heap of interesting things in his life, but one particular incident I must share with you occurred when he decided to do the worst thing possible with his friend. His friend, Arnab, used to be his closest friend back then. One day, a cricket match was going on the field, with Arnab fielding, my brother, who was standing right behind Arnab. He thought it was a great opportunity to play a prank on his friend.



Without any hesitation, he ran into Arnab, performing the worst act imaginable—he yanked down Arnab's pants and dashed away with them.



After brother took off his pants, Arnab's whole life flashed before his eyes. To everyone's surprise, he was wearing nothing underneath, as everyone could see his private belongings.



Back in those golden days of friendship, bonds were unbreakable, so Arnab took it like a champ. Fast forward to today, times have changed; when I asked Saadman to recreate this moment, he declined.



In our school, there's a boy named Sami in my class. Some of us think he's a bit different. He does things in his own way and stands out. It's like he sees himself as having his own set of rules. He might act tough, like a gangster, but he doesn't really have that spirit. Sometimes, he tries to showcase attitude and his majestic lifestyle, while the surface remains zero. He's into the TikTok trends that some find cringy.



The way he walks is the most remarkable thing about him. He leans his body 45° forward, like a 95-year-old man, and his hands go into his pockets, as if he wants to show that he's an authoritarian and domineering personality. But he's nothing more than a pretentious guy who thinks he's a gangster.



We eagerly wait for the moment when he comes out to pursue the football. The way he goes after it makes us wonder if he's really running or imitating frog movements. The gesture reminds us of a guy sitting on a bike for 5 months at a stretch.



Let me tell you, he just roams around the school trying to showcase himself as a tough guy. In his own imagination, he sees himself as a hero, but in reality, the idea of being a hero ends up ruining his reputation.

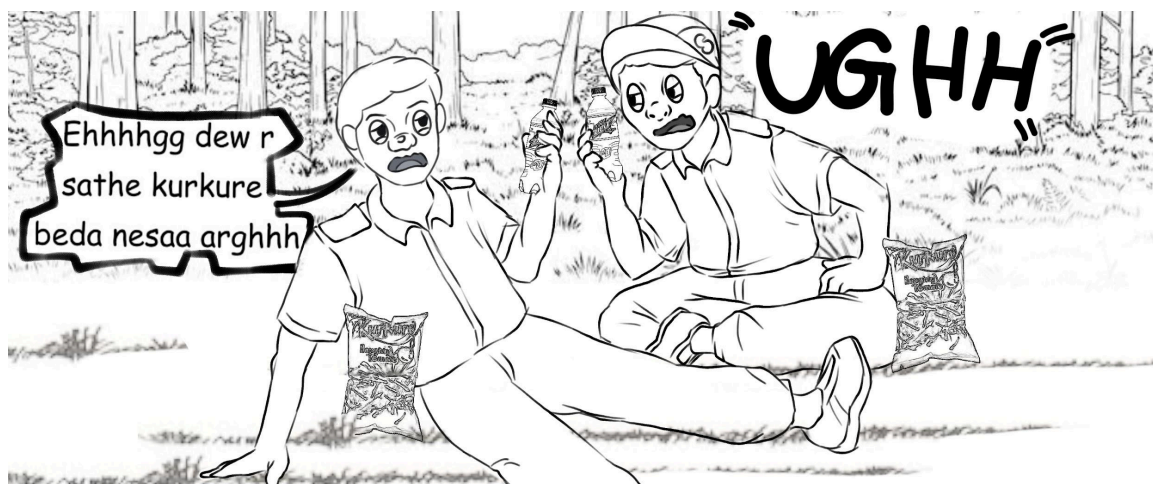


In winter, he transforms into his ultra mode. A few months ago, he formed a gang where he teamed up with Prosanta, Ahnaf, Rohan and others who belong to the same nationality as Sami. Together, they managed some scarves and now

they all roam around wearing it. In the past, Sami used to roam all by himself, but now he roams with a gang. Do they think they are like the Peaky Blinders? They aren't even close to them either. We refer to them as "দ্যা মারুলার গ্যাং."



In class 6, I used to be one of his close friends. However, when I entered class 7, I was cut off from him and got a chance to realise who I had teamed up with.



Let's go back to class 6 when I got into a lot of trouble with Sami. There was a time when we tried to impress girls. I don't know what Sami did with those girls, the other day they complained to the school that we harassed them though. I never even spoke a word to those girls harshly and now I got into this disgusting matter.



The school even called our parents, and let me tell you, what they did to me was something I don't want to talk about. It's just not fair!



And the matter with Sami doesn't end here yet. Around 4 months ago, Sami sneaked a phone into school. I was aware of it, but I chose to keep it under wraps rather than spoiling things because I knew any wrong action could get me in trouble with Sami.



To make matters worse, on that day, Sami took some photos of me and Kamala talking. I frowned at Sami, urging him to delete those photos, but he decided to do something else with them. I knew I would get dragged into some big issue. And guess what? On that same day, Sami was caught by the GMC security and I was roped into this lame situation again without even doing anything, even after I shrugged. He should have been chastised, but why was I in that matter? If GMC Sir checks his phone, the gun would have been pointed at me first.



On top of that someone told me that on the day the teachers checked Sami's bag, they found a lighter. I wonder what else he had stashed in his bag during that time. Perhaps Sami has been involved in some sort of illegal activities.



However, he manages to have some female friends who are just as lame as him. Let me tell you why. It's because he's always boasting and bragging. About his money, and I am quite sure that his parents wouldn't allow it, nor would anyone else. He must sneak from his dad's wallet.

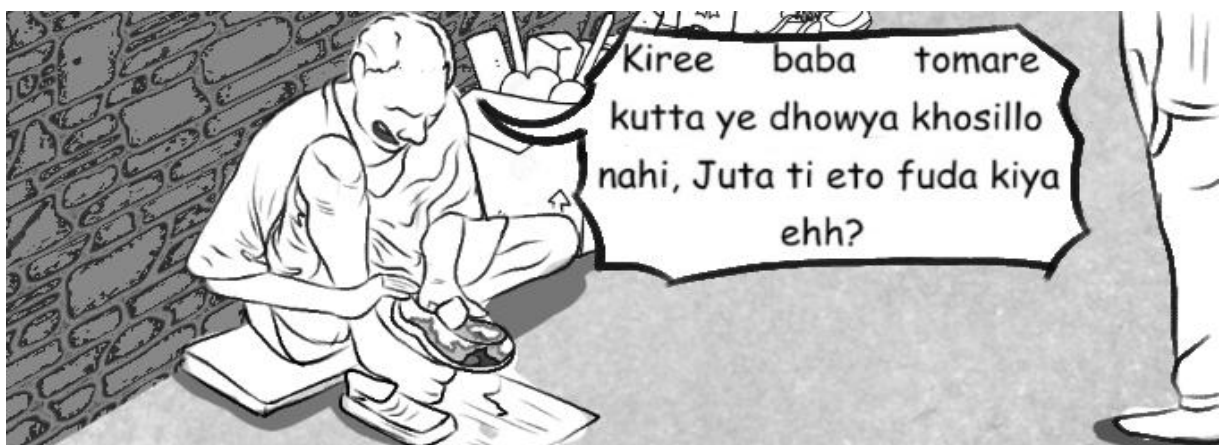


When it comes to money, I always try to keep myself out of this matter, as far as possible. I admit that I have enough money. Nevertheless, the moment you confess that, the next moment you would have your wallet empty. So, I always shrug. You can say I am stingy and miserly, and I can't deny that. When your friends know you're rich, the majority of them turn into "trans" and try to dishonor you. They have an appetite for cash. That's a fair enough reason for me to keep myself a mile away from it.



That doesn't affect how much I have. I always wouldn't budge on the idea that I shouldn't miss a chance when there's hope that it can be beneficial for me. You have to be ruthless. You should go for it, pounce and all. Remember, once upon a time, Bitcoin used to be cheap. Those who applied cognitive skills to figure out the potential of Bitcoin itself are now underground gangsters.

The most slovenly thing that belongs to my outfit is my shoe. At a glance, you might identify it as an antique piece from the 80s. For your information, let me say that I can't go on with a pair for more than 2 months. Frankly fixing that thing was a daunting task.



There's a spirit inside me that's on the wrong foot with things like shoes. It has a latent power

that I can't stop from happening. And day by day, it's starting to flourish even more.



I knew that if I told my family to get me a new pair, they would kick me out of the door since I have destroyed 3 pairs in under 6 months.



It was about June when I was very desperate to screw things up on my own. And then a furious evil was unleashed inside me, and I embarked on a history.

Things all started like this: Every single day, we used to play football during the lunch break, and

we had this rule that we couldn't play with our shoes on. We rule out physical damage as a reason, as our shoes wouldn't survive a month.

Everyone sprawled their pairs all over the ground. But on the way back to class, I noticed a pair of tidy shoes in such a good condition, while mine were all worn out. I couldn't resist and sourly looked around. When I found the coast was clear, it didn't take me a second to replace them with mine.



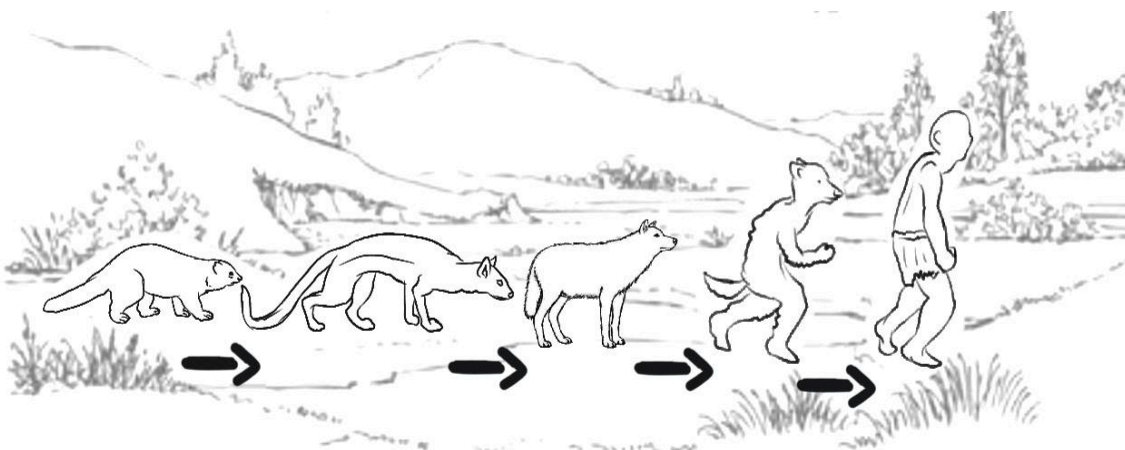
Now, I wasn't even concerned about the shoe guy finding me out because a majority of boys in school wear the same shoes. Thus if he goes by every single student in the school It would take him a substantial period, and he can't tip over me. And I turned out to be a game changer.



I tried my best to protect them, tried every possible attempt to firm up the base. But the irony of fate is that this pair didn't last more than 3 months.



Out there, there are a lot of theories that Saadman and I happened to create. I wavered, unsure of which one I should get down. But the most intriguing story I got was one that will explode your mind, that's all about the reality about Saadman's ancestors and how they evolved.



Back Forward to 10,000 BCE, where animals like dogs were the most advanced and evolved beings. They would do everything that humans do now, such as taking showers. It was a majestic and regal thing they would include in their routine. Since in 10,000 BCE, nobody had invented the shower, lakes used to be their royal pools.



But the catch was, back then dogs' butts were unfastened. On top of that, it was common for them to remove their butts, just like humans remove clothes before bathing.



On one sunny day, a pack of dogs was going about their daily routine of bathing. A caveman observed them in a slyly manner. Suddenly, the dogs became frightened when the caveman made a rapid assault on them. They began to swell on the riverbank for the sake of their life. They could not confront. Thus putted on their butts, though could not evade that part as it would dishonour there forebears. They covered their behinds with their butts to protect themselves.



However, they were in such a rush to escape the most of them ended up wearing the wrong butt.



Consequently, they are seeking their butts which was swapped. As a result, whenever they see a dog coming, they try to ensure that it isn't their lost butt, by sniffing its back.



In foreign countries, there are many things that are compassionate I must consider. To be frank, if anyone is visiting one's place it is additional for them to ask if he is at home. Meanwhile, in my country, they don't have a piece of generosity. If I

tell you, they actually don't know how to behave, and they merely walk into others' houses without excuse.



I have an aunt, with whom I am at daggers draw. In a single word she is all lousy. About whenever I go there, she leaves me feeling nothing but grimaced. Sometimes, she crosses the line by interfering in my business, thinking that what I am doing is her concern.



Girls are often taught proper etiquette when enjoying ice cream in public, whereas boys like Dip may not prioritise politeness and manners. All he knows is that since someone paid for the treat, every last bite must be savored without any waste.



For example, consider a man holding a mango. He merely clenches and explodes it with his bare hands, splattering nectar all over his face. They even end up sucking on the pulp, claiming it contains vitamin C. Meanwhile, cows nearby are mooing, as he says he actually craves that.



That's truly hard to grasp boys. There are signs all throughout the city. The government put up signs saying "এখানে প্রস্রাব করবেন না", but people keep on doing that next to the sign, thinking it's okay as long as they're at least a foot away from the sign because the sign isn't directly there where they do their things.



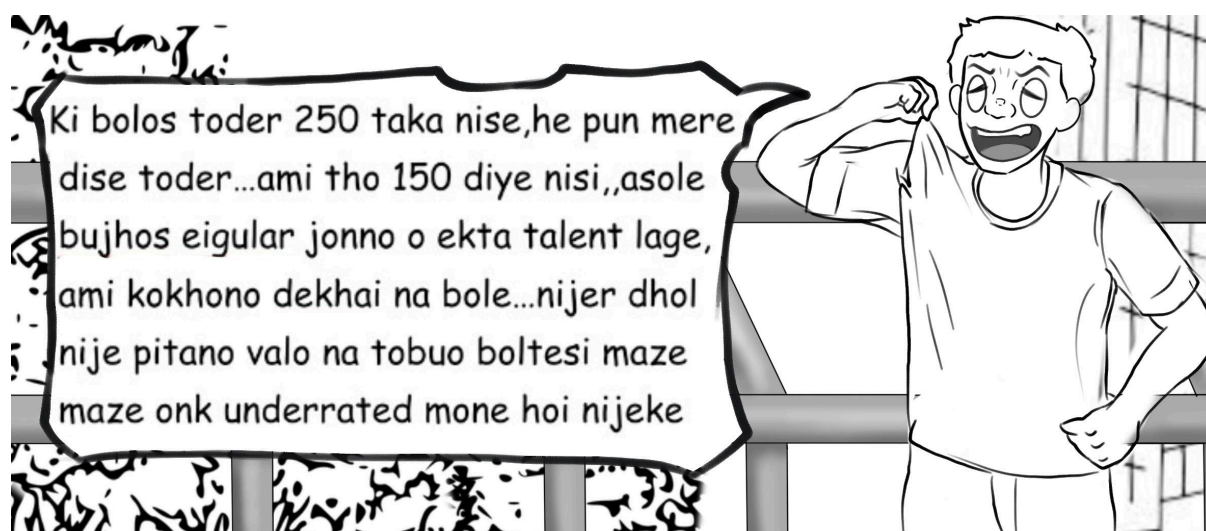
However, guys who are similar to me never stop aiming for that "না." A few months later, The "না" has been completely wiped out. And then "এইখানে প্রস্রাব করবেন" is the sentence we should be given.



Boys are brutally handled in our culture, but guys are built specifically to handle this difficult period. Sometimes teachers like Mr. 'AH' crave to crook our backs, as they can't be stern with their wives at home. Thus, they channel their frustration towards us. Sometimes, their weapon of choice turns out to be a cricket bat.



Girls have been boasting around about how expensive their clothes and accessories are. Meanwhile, boys still prioritise negotiating over whose clothing is less expensive and who was scammed. To put it simply, it's of no significance who is wealthy; men's nature was designed this way.

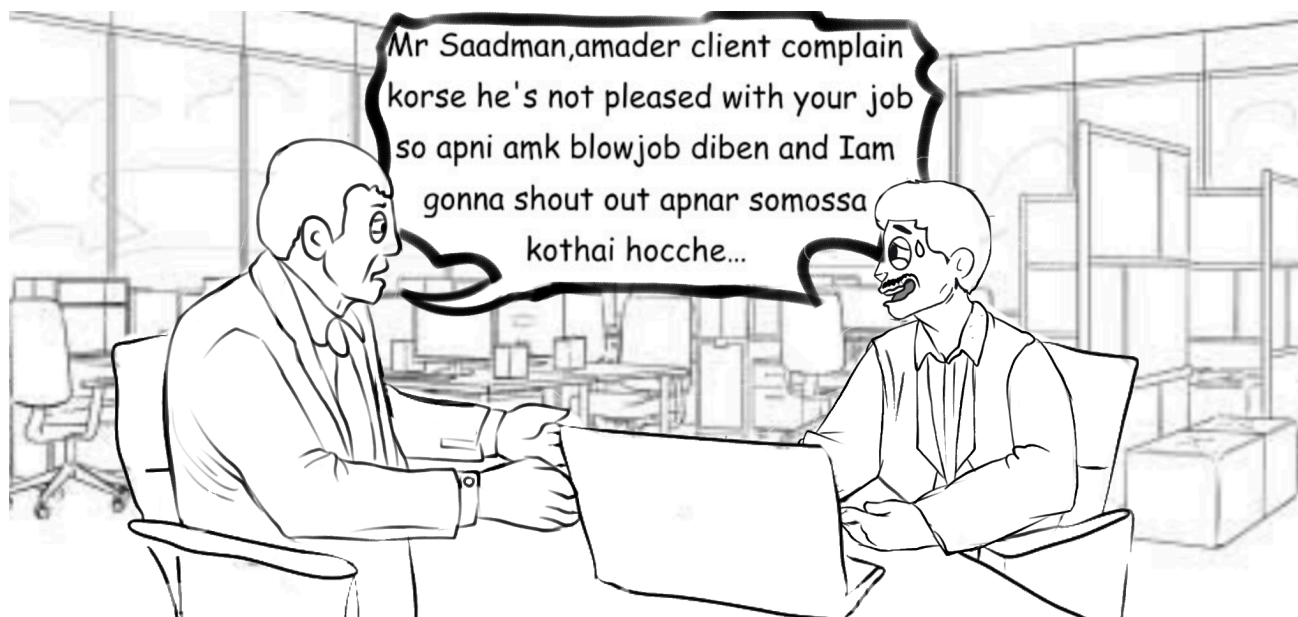


[Saadman enters]

As you know, Sabisesh can draw good art and earn pretty good money from it. His dream job is to be an artist in Paris. But I'm pretty damn sure he just wants to do nude art because that is most famous in Paris.



Unlike Sabishes, I don't know what to do in my life. If my parents ask what job I do, I probably say blowjob, handjob. Because there's no other job left for me that I'm good at.



In 2023, most of Sabishes's earnings went to buying chocolates, gifts etc. But in 2024, after he broke up with Kamala, Sabishes had a fresh start. I guess the teacher in our school heard about this because every single one of them started to make their move. During assembly, teachers usually don't talk to Sabishes, but after the breakup incident, they started getting rather touchy. For example, our science teacher was very rough with us, but suddenly he's being nice to us, especially to Sabishes. And our English sir, who hasn't seen

Sabisesh for two years, suddenly was greeting him.



Sabisesh finds it very disturbing. Also, they were being really safe and separating Rafsan from Sabisesh (his current lover). The teachers really are taking no chances.



Everybody has some kind of religion in this world. They put all their trust in that religion, expecting to achieve something in the afterlife. This could

be a great thing God could give us or the biggest scam in the universe.



Many countries have many religions, like Saudi Arabia with many Muslims, India with many Hindus, and South Africa with many KFC worshippers.



Interestingly, Sabisesh and I have also embarked on a new journey by founding our own religion. We call it "stupitism." I don't know where these ideas come from, but unlike most people, we don't think much; we just do it.



In our five floors- school building, each floor features a big picture of a famous person, who achieved something to help humankind. And in our third floo, we have this guy called "Karl Marx" on our wall.If you go and search the internet for him, he's mainly famous Literary writer, but in the realm of stupidity, he's famous for the hilarious posture he made in one of his photos. He made a poster by doing the peace sign in a funny way, which was an innovative invention in the world.



I didn't even know the peace sign existed in the early 19th century. For all we know, he may be the first person to do it. That's why he's like a god-like figure to us.



The other day, Sabishes and I, bored out of our minds, decided to play dominoes with the chairs lying around. It's one of those stupid things we do, in the name of Karl Marx.



Even though to some people it may seem really stupid, for us, it was like watching a comedy show unfold. This was a unique way for us to offer prayers to our god. So if you want to, feel free to join our religion of stupidity. The only rule is: 1. Your IQ must be in the negatives. 2. You Have to be funny. 3. Me and Sabisesh must be your priorities. We founded this religion and brought you to it. So if we ever tell you to give your lunch or massage our feet or smell our asses, you better do it without hesitation and think of it as a sacrifice.

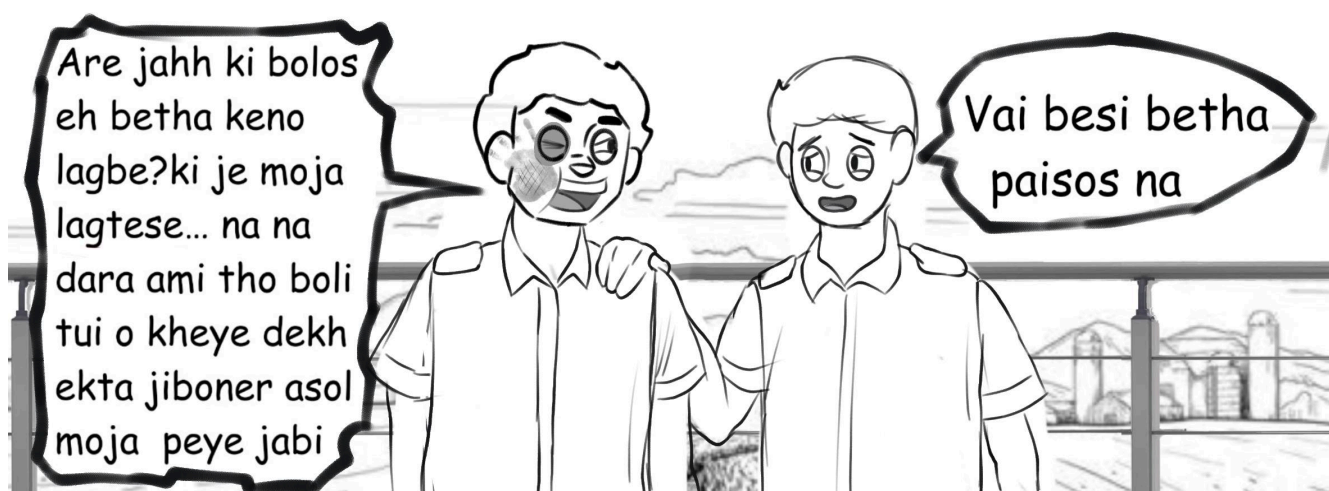


Since I came to this school, my luck has been really shit. It seems like someone cursed me when I arrived here. I have a hunch that it was the guy

who wished me 'good luck' during the entrance exam.



This year started off on a positive note. In the first month, nothing particularly bad happened, and everything was going great. Until one day, my maths teacher decided to slap me so hard for no reason.



He mistook me for another guy involved in a fight. That day, he slapped me so hard that it left a slight mark on my face, ruining its texture a little.

To be fair, my face was already considered unattractive.



I honestly think my maths teacher should participate in those slapping competitions. He would've gotten gold for our country.



In 2023, I can't express how many bad incidents happened to me. Let's start with the fact that I got hit so hard in my nut that I lost consciousness.



And how can I forget that time when my pants got ripped, while playing. It spreaded within seconds like there was a spy among us and the entire school knows about it, greatly damaging my reputation.



However, none of these incidents compare to what happened in this particular incident. There's a girl in our class. One time, Rafsan and Sabisesh were

bothering her, and she got annoyed and said to Sabishes that his "thing" was so small that people initially thought it was a pimple.



Sabishes took it personally and responded by saying that her chest is smaller than Eva's brain. During this time, I was busy with my work , actually I was flirting with girls at that moment. For some reason, she decided to show them her chest, which was quite unexpected, just to prove her chest isn't small, which is also true.



I missed this golden opportunity, and to this day, I still regret it. Sabisesh and Rafsan still talk about the "Mount Everest" he claims to have seen.



Even though Sabisesh was engaged in a relationship, he hasn't been doing well after the epic break up. So his luck is not exceptional from mine either.



When we were in third grade, our seniors would always bully us. It was kind of a tradition only for boys.



But time has changed now. During our high school shenanigans, we decided to torment our juniors for fun. We looked around for a victim and finally found a chubby booking kid. We were on our way to bullying.



I wish I could turn back time and not choose the kid because he was a direct descendant of Bruce Lee. And the first kick led on me.



Our plan was to move when they performed a Ninja-worthy kick that landed squarely in the Sabisesh nether region.



There I was standing with my jaws on the floor and sabisesh acquainted with pain. The kid seized the moment. to make an escape. We learned our lesson:Never underestimate a kid who can cook

someone eggs. I think I heard something crack from Sabisesh's pants.



One time, my father and I were going somewhere on his bike. Since it was a short ride, I wasn't wearing any helmets, which was a big mistake. Because all kinds of bugs and dirt were getting in my eyes. So, for this reason, I was blinking a lot. When this was happening, we crossed three girls walking in the opposite direction. Because of all the blinking and my attempts to clear my eyes, it looked like I was making faces at them. From their perspective, it must have seemed like I was winking or blinking at them intentionally. They probably thought I was trying to get their attention and teasing them.



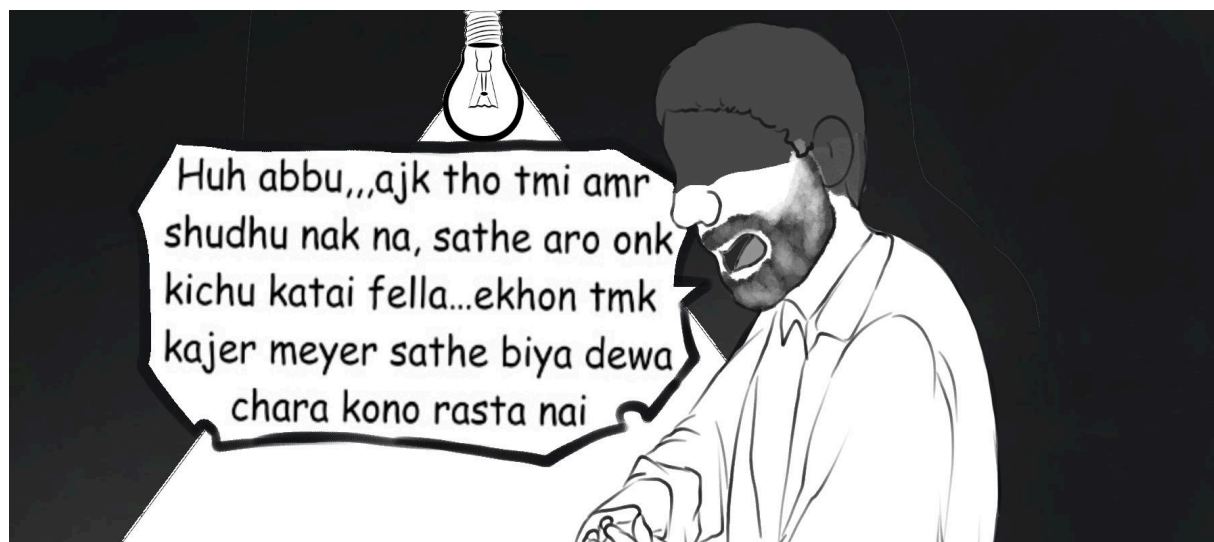
They stopped the bike and told my father what I did, and there I was explaining to my father that I was just clearing the dirt from my eyes. but the girls thought I was making excuses. But luckily, my father knew I wasn't teasing.



After a lot of apologising, they finally went on their way. I was seriously considering hiring a track and running them over, but then I realised it's real life, not some Indian serial.



During the rest of the ride, it was very quiet. Even at dinner, dad didn't tell mom what happened, but before going to bed, my father gave me "the talk." I wish he would have just destroyed my body with the belt instead of "THE TALK."



Earlier, we had been annoying people. So much so that, at a point, they would rather die than talk to us. We have this guy in school who has a broken

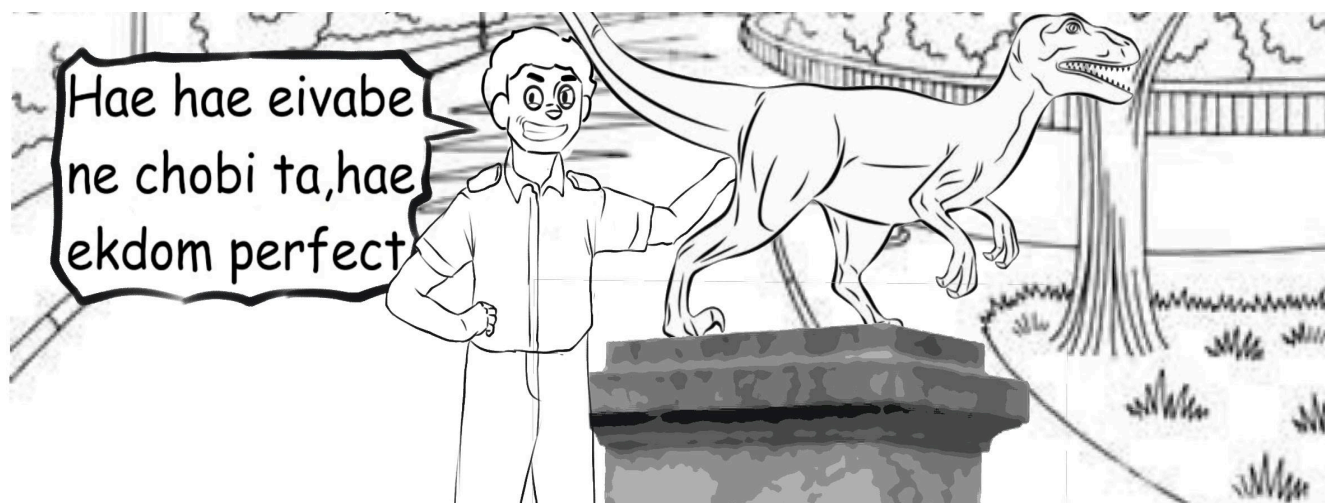
arm. So he has to wear a plaster for that reason for a long time. Everyone else feels sorry for that guy, but not us. Every time we see that guy, we start scratching our arm to annoy him, as he can't do this, so it gives us next-level pleasure.



And now he's threatening us that he will kill us after his arm gets healed, but for all the consequences, it's still worth it. I have a little theory about why T-rex are so hostile towards each other. Now you may ask, Why am I suddenly talking about dinosaurs? Well, our school fee is out of the world. So with so much money, our school was deciding what to do with it. Instead of doing something educational, they decided to buy a freaking dinosaur statue and place it in the middle of the school. Honestly, who told them to get that creative?



anyways Because dinosaurs have such small hands, they can't really reach down and fully enjoy life. This is the reason why they are so angry. That's why I exist. I always have the poor guy. because if he somehow comes to life, he will respect me and eat others.



I know in life I make some stupid decisions that still haunt me to this day. But studying in this

School is a decision I will never regret. I got into this school by winning the lottery. Imagine among hundreds of Students I was picked, maybe it was fate or something.

And from that point I got to meet various types of people that I didn't even know existed. People like Safwan whose brain is second to none but also his stupidity is Second to none except Eva. Who is very kind but also disappoints us every day (this is the last time we will talk bad about Eva) People like rafsan whose Sole purpose in life is to roast people. People like Sarah whose sole purpose is to be a forever teacher's pet. This adventure was really filled with many emotions.



And it's hard to write a book, create a video or create any content because chaos doesn't happen every day, but in this school it happens every second.

But everything doesn't end in a happy way. like when Sabishes got In a relationship, he was the happiest guy in the world. I swear that he started planning his wedding. But when he found out it was a one-sided love, he collapsed. Or the time when Rafsan's hand had broken three days before the exam. Even though it was pointless, he picked up his pen and tried his best to battle. Or the time when I lost my first inter school volleyball tournament. You know what we all had in common is that even at our lowest point, we don't look at what we lost; we look at what we do have. Even though Rafsan didn't write anything in any exam, he still passed (showing how little the government cares). Even though Sabishes lost a long relationship, he's still one of the happiest and careless people I know. And as for me, well, I made many more friends along the way. So even if things don't end the way you want them to, we

should always make the best of them. And it's okay to cry if you can laugh after.

We first started writing this story for fun. We started with a small notebook. Then it got bigger and bigger. If you have read our crazy adventure to the end, thank you for your support; it means a lot to us.

**There you go. You asked us to cook, and we cooked.
Daddies never die.**

[The end]

Acknowledgement

There are many people who helped us bring this book to life. The support was crazy. But three individuals deserve special thanks. Half of our book is actually covered by Eva's hilarious movements, but on a serious note, she's a kind girl who helps us out a lot in the background, from proofreading to generating ideas. Rafsan, who is a huge part of our story and supported in a lot of ways.

And lastly, Sabisesh, honestly.

We couldn't pull off this book without Sabisesh. He did all the art and video editing for the book.

And a huge thanks to our friends in CCPC and also to both of our families for causing us all of this chaos and giving us a reason to write.
This all happened because of you.

-Saadman Wasif

